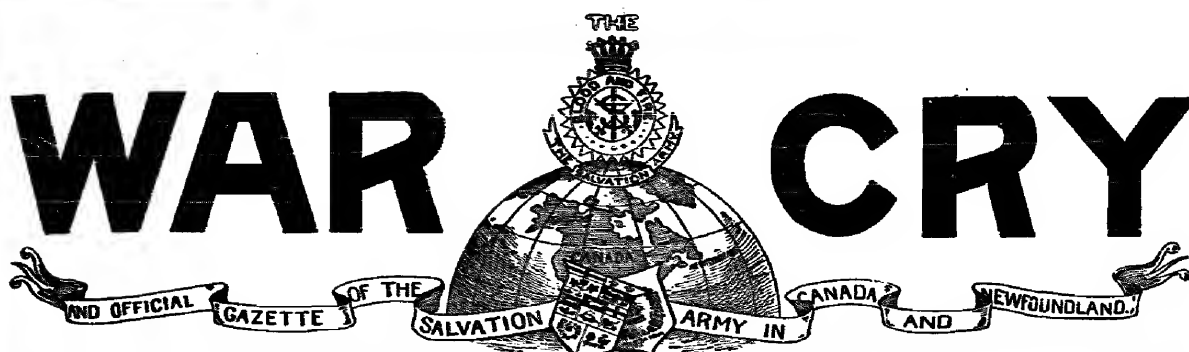


# WAR CRY



VOL. XI. No. 3. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, OCT. 20, 1894. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

WE ONLY USE FINE CRUSTS

## SALVATION GOOD FOR THE BODY AND SOUL

WE HAVE PUDDING & BEEF NOW.

SEE PAGE 2.

# "PUDDIN' AN' BEEF, SIR."

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

Our frontispiece, this week, well illustrates the amusing little story which is told of an English school boy. He was but a wee child, and in the class that morning the master was conducting a reading lesson. In the course of the reading the class came to the word "salvation."

"And what, children, is the meaning of this word 'salvation'?" asked the master.

For a moment there was silence. The baby-brains of the little ones could not interpret so long a word. Then, as if struck with a revelation, little Tommy put up his hand and said:

"I know, sir."

"Well," queried the teacher, "what?"

"Puddin' an' beef, sir," said Tommy, with an animated face.

"Pudding and beef?" interjected the teacher, severely, "what do you mean?"

Tommy was afraid he had done wrong, and putting his little chubby fist to his eye to wipe away the gathering tear, rejoined:

"I know, sir, as how we didn't use to have nothing but crusts and water, sir, afore father got salvation, but since then, sir, (brightening) we've had puddin' an' beef."

Tommy's reply was more practically correct than the teacher anticipated, but the story expounds the facts in many thousands of homes, where God and the Army have entered. Canada has, we believe, fewer drunken homes than many other English-speaking countries, and yet in many an instance Tommy's story has been true of our Canadian homes, and there is much left to be done. Let us be encouraged in the knowledge that in our great work of saving souls we are striking at the root of nine tenths of the people's misery, and doing more than any outside circumstances can possibly do to bring life-long happiness to their homes and hearts.

## A CALL TO ARMS.

An Open Letter to Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Central Ontario Province.

MY BELOVED COMRADES,—

You will have read in the War Cry that our beloved General has kindly consented to visit Lindsay on the 19th of the month.

A Thousand Hallelujahs!

Hundreds of our officers, soldiers, and friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to see and hear our loved and honored leader, as this is the only place our General will touch in this Province before his return from the States.

God Bless Our General.

For fifteen years I have known General Booth, and to-day, like many thousands more, I love him as a leader, father in God, and friend. His words have cheered and blessed a thousand times, whilst his noble example has been a stimulant and force incalculable.

Now for Lindsay. Rail travelling is expensive; horses and rigs are cheap; oats are dirt cheap; stabling is free. We are, therefore, arranging a great united cavalcade on wheels, from all points of the Province.

For once we will force winter—every rig must carry a flag, bring a touch, put some streamers on the horse, and

Don't Forget the Bells.

Think of that procession, how every village and town through which you will pass, will be stirred from end to end, and we shall tender to our dear General the united and loving greetings of this Province.

Our General will be there, best of all; Commandant and Mrs. Booth will be there, and God will be there in power and blessing.

Now for a united, mighty effort, 'Tis to Lindsay.

A. DE BARRETT, Desjardins.

Summerside.—Officers have forwarded. Captain Betts and Lieutenant Muttart to the front till new leaders arrive.

Fort William.—Pioneer officers called westward. Farewell meeting. Town band waiting at the door to play them to the station. Two souls.

Emerson.—Begging and taking for farewell tea to officers. School house packed, many unable to enter. \$20.00 cleared. Good-bye to six brigades.

Moose Jaw.—Captain Scott's welcome meeting. She said she had come to lead some broken hearts, and break some more.

Vancouver.—Captain Corlett on furlough, after many weeks' fight single-handed. Soldiers and friends congregate at the wharf to wish her good-bye. Tears. Prayers.

Newcastle, N.B.—Officers away to recruit. Two souls in the meantime.

# THE GENERAL'S NEW WORLD TOUR.

## Marks on Maple Leaf Margins.

HAILED BY HALIGONIANS.

An "Electric" Demonstration in the Market Square.

FIVE THOUSAND CHEER THE GENERAL!

The Premier Present, and Speaks—Sunday in the Music Academy—Struggles and Souls—Vast Crowds—"I Goes it Inside"—"Tones."

HALIFAX, N.S., Sept. 24th, 1894.

We are in the most easterly Province of the Dominion—a long peninsula, 300 miles, by an average width of 90, and with a population of 450,000. Some fifty-eight gold mines are working; coal and various minerals abound; an important trade is carried on in fish. The climate is salubrious, and cereals, vegetables, etc., are produced in large quantities.

Halifax, the Capital,

is the most English city in the Dominion. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world—six miles long and one mile wide. Besides being the chief naval station of British North America, it is also an important military centre; indeed, the place is supposed to be impregnable. Mixed with its 35,000 inhabitants is a sprinkling of colored people, and a few American Indians. What strikes an old Englishman is, on the one hand, the shoddiness in the matter of

Telephones and Electric Lighting,

not emitting the Londoner's scornful envy, the ample space the Haligonians have for "moving round"; and on the other, the very indifferent paving and the ugly telegraph poles planted in the sidewalks. But it is a fine place for all that, and the Commandant tells me will probably become more and more important.

The Salvation Army's position in the city is excellent. It has the good-will both of Press and public. The very children one meets in the street are innocent of the sneer which too often accompanies the comments of your English youngster.

"That's My General Booth."

aid an eight-year-old to her playmate as your correspondent passed by.

In a suitable part of the town, the Army is represented by a young but successful Racine House, all too small though to cope with the evils of a garrison town. Still, the Dominion leaders have acted with much wisdom in planting our rescue flag so firmly in Nova Scotia soil, and out of the six months' old institution mighty things are likely to come. Edna Harry (the Matron) told us that fifteen cases had been already taken in; two of these are now in service; one has been transferred to the St. John's Home; one has gone back to her old life, and eleven are still in the Home; one of the latter is only fourteen years of age.

Is One Nursery

are six children, and two others have been adopted. On the morning of my last call, one of these poor lambs was evidently not far from the home of the Tender Shepherd. Thank God for the love and pity that shelter these innocent babes, as well as the unfortunate sinning mothers. "Do you get them converted?" the War Cry man asked, and was told that eight out of the eleven occupants of the Home are saved. One of these girls is now in service and about to be enrolled. "Our own soldiers brought us to us, and

Girls Even Come Voluntarily,

but we cannot take them in, as we can only accommodate twelve," mournfully spoke the Matron. However, a happier, brighter day is undoubtedly coming; the sooner it comes the better, the quicker the dollars roll in. After meeting all opening and furnishing expenses the funds of the second quarter show a small deficit of \$70, which the sympathy evoked in our Social operations by the General's visit ought to sweep out of existence.

North of the Racine House, and in the centre of the city is the Salvation Harbor,

Poor Man's Shelter,

and Food Depot. It is a fine looking, spacious affair. The commodious front or shop portion does duty as a restaurant, and is well patronized by the respectable working classes, as well as the less "tong" brethren. These latter can get a bunk and bath for twelve cents, or bunk or bath only, ten cents respectively. There are also "tones" (a wonderful word), or what we in England call cubicles, obtainable for fifteen cents. There are

Forty Ten Cent Bunks,

which are arranged in two tiers on wooden frames, ship-

board fashion. The outfit consists of a wire spring mattress, blanket, two sheets, and a pillow. When fully furnished, this four flat building will provide for sixty men. Opened only last May it has not yet been tested by the severity of the winter season, but it is well prepared for the battle. The whole place is heated by means of hot water pipes. As many as

A Hundred Meals per Day

have been supplied. A meeting and reading room, offices, etc., are included. If the ten cents be lacking the man is given some wood to saw. This is made up into small bundles, and sold at the rate of half a cent each. The frequenters of the Harbor, so far as I can gather, wait out much the same as a similar assemblage in our London institutions. For instance: A poor fellow from the Old Country recently sought the Harbor's aid; he was down on his luck, but was tired over, and is now in a situation.

In another case, a victim to drink and driven to dire straits, sheltered here, but, alas! had so wrecked his life that he died in his bunk craving for brandy.

Most marvellous of all, the Harbor has thus far supported itself. The General squeezed out a few minutes from his brimming over day to inspect it, and expressed lively satisfaction with the whole concern.

But stop! I must

Pick up My Party.

The General was promptly domiciled under the hospitable roof of Alderman W. Dennis, Editor of the *Halifax Herald*, and a firm friend of our work. The Commandant brought the good news that Mrs. Herbert's health is better than it has been. And himself? His English comrades will be asking. Well, he has not put on flesh; stern, determined, persistent, bravely fought his way against that; but the dashing energy, conscious activity, and fiery speech were not excelled in the old battle days, say, of Bantburn or Whitechurch.



A capital description of the Sunday night's unique welcome in the Market Square appeared in the principal Halifax journal. The

Commandant Rendered Sparkling Assistance,

and gave to the General, on his own and his Dominion's behalf, the warm welcome of a son and a Territorial Commander. Between 4,000 and 5,000 assembled, who heartily cheered, attentively listened, and eagerly welcomed the central figure of the occasion. Upon the temporary platform, erected in the centre of the square, sat a number of the principal gentlemen of the city. Of these the Premier, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, was the leading speaker. The whole thing went off

With Tremendous Enthusiasm.

## SUNDAY'S SUPREME STRUGGLES.

Into the Music Academy we came: I on Sunday night, 1,800 people, though the seating accommodation is said to be only 1,100. In the afternoon we filed it, and in the morning took full possession of the area.

Into the moving and blessing of these archdeacon General threw himself with God given vigor, but found the task a terrible hard one. At Exeter, or Queen's Hall

campaigns of a crowded the p almost each son and fished for to



"I shall feel, speak. "that me to talk;" and grin of spiritus. Why then such likely.

A Spirit of C

People set in the view to leave, and the divine to the Crown. The citadel of and again with E address, the C strong prayers.

Coleman

Broad, thank G tion, and made

"Paul's mouth or leader in the Canadian. I as Don't stop down out—become gl Come along, let don't get some I is just one little as all round body for your demise

me. They came were as. You all is that—for children who play up in the morning want to see some

"You people mind. I once the Atlantic they then tested the t we had got into

this morning, I For the the killed, and God joy of seeing a

"As many and listened at the God said

A and a bullet/sh now smiled mo "We don't do it you can't be happ used to my whor is a pin or a pat Where there is a pain, something



THE GENERAL OF TO

enemies of a like powerful calling, we should have crowded the pentent-form many times. At Halifax, almost each soul had to be prayed and believed and sung and fished for to the point of desperation.



"I shall feel," said the General, at one juncture of his appeal, "that the Lord has stood behind me and helped me to talk," and that God was with him everyone with a gain of spiritual discernment must have acknowledged. Why then such comparatively small seen results? Truly,

#### A Spirit of Curiosity and Wretched Procrastination.

People sit in their seats—scores of them—too much comforted to leave, and compelled to cling to their chairs to resist the divine impulses which would have drawn them to the Cross.

The clouds of sin and unbelief were storming again and again with Holy Ghost power by the General's fervent address, the Commandant's and Staff-Captain Mahon's strong prayers, and

#### Colonel Lawley's Soul-Stirring Songs.

Several, thank God, did comply with the General's petition, and made Sunday a "Day of Deliverance." "Paul's mouth was opened to the Corinthians," said our leader in the morning. "Mine is opened to you Canadians. I say to you the same as he said to them: 'Get it out of you. In these lowlands of experience; swell out—because giants. You have been dwarfs long enough. Come along, let's go and kill somebody. God has no doubt got some beautiful saints in this house, but there is just one little spot that spoils their character. Are you an all round holy man and woman? If not, that accounts for your demerit. What

#### Dumb Dogs the Saints

are. They cannot even bark, much less bite. Now then, come on. You may say, 'I have got a weakness—I don't all fit that—for seeing something done; I am like the children who plant their peas at night and scratch them up in the morning to see if they are growing, only that I want to see some growth at once.'

"You people have a remarkable command of your music. I cannot see where you are. Coming across the Atlantic they let down a bucket from the ship and then tested the temperature of the water and found that we had got into the Arctic current. There are

#### Some Iceberg Haze,

this morning, I know." For the thawing of these, prayer-meeting heat was kindled, and God, the angelic, and the General had the joy of seeing a few flowers bloom.

"As many angels as could crammed into the passages, and listened at the key-holes to hear Paul and Silas sing. God said

#### Amen with an Earthquake,

and a hurricane opened the prison gates. Have you never smiled more than you do this afternoon? You say, 'We don't do it this way in this country.' Well, anyway, you can't be happy without showing it. My dear wife used to say when the baby cried, 'Don't shake it; there is a pin or a pain somewhere.' So with God's people. Where there is crying and groaning experience there is pain, something wrong."



THE GENERAL CONDUCTS A MEETING ON THE SHIP, GOING TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

And the General charged impetuously down upon the trivialities that keep back the streams of light and liberty from the soul that make it

#### Always on the Sinner.

Full salvation would sweep this state of things away and at the halcyon moments singing on all the boulevards and branches of the heart, which he illustrated by the story of three poor women at the wash-tub, the first of whom said her song was, "My Jesus, I love Thee," the other that hers was, "My God, I am Thine," while the third, who had lost her voice, hoarsely whispered, "I can't sing—now—but I—goes it—inside."

Things began to wake up. A woman testified that if she had a dozen hearts they should all be given to Jesus. Two or three knelt under the footlights, and just as Colonel Lawley had reached the middle of the benediction the Commandant marched a captive to the front, who proved to be a bookbinder, a man who had beaten the drum for the General when he was in the Dominion eight years ago.

To the throngs who assembled at night, and especially to those who heard him for the first time, the General must have appeared

#### A Veritable Nineteenth Century Elijah,

the prophet about whom and whose God he spoke so inspiringly. When early in the protracted prayer-meeting two were kneeling at the front, the General cried, "I feel proud of two, but

#### What will they say in Heaven?

If you who ought to come out do not obey? The Commandant, Brigadier Jacobs, Major Fry, and a gang of fishermen surrounded the arena and gallery. The platform stood to their knees; the General directed operations; Colonel Lawley heartened, and for more than an hour a grand fight was waged, and every trophy was won at the point of the layonet.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WELCOMES THE GENERAL.

Throughout the day the Commandant conducted magnificent open-air in the Market Square and other centres, were held, attracting big crowds and exciting unlimited interest. The soldiers, from a snap shot acquaintance, are excellent material, whether No. 1 or No. 11, corps are taken. In the first the flag-wag was a Crimean veteran, one of the headmen a corporal in the King's Liverpool regiment, who is executing a man and a fusilier in his barrack square, while others of the Queen's men are Salvationists, particularly a sterling blue-jacket, who took the collection in his cap. Then there's "Yann," an eccentric as he is good; and dear "Aunt Ann," a lady of color, besides many other notable, whom we rubbed against without knowing it.

Before these corps, on the lines so plainly laid down by the General there is a future luminous with hope and big with blessing.

One meeting only, we believe, has originally been planned for Monday on of consideration for the General after the very great strain inevitable from a Sunday's campaign. But on the plea that "he had not come all the way to rest but to work," our indefatigable leader got himself entered for two extra engagements. The first of these was

#### An Informal Friendly Chat

with R. A. friends, well-wishers, etc., in the No. 1 barracks. This building deserves a word of praise, being lofty, substantially built (especially for us) lighted by electricity, has a sloping floor, and will seat five hundred people.

In an interesting conversation alway the General detailed to a small representative company the inception, progress, and ramifications of our movement, inviting questions on the various aspects under notice. A gentleman in the audience very kindly referred to the Army's

local work, and on behalf of the audience thanked the General for the statements he had so ably laid before them. In reply to this gentleman's enquiry the General was warmly applauded upon stating that seventy-five per cent of our Rescue cases are promptly restored. Judge de Wolf, of Windsor, N.S., earnestly hoped the General would give his serious attention to the great North-West as a site for his Over-the-Sea Colony. This he promised to do. Among the many who pressed forward to shake hands with our leader, and wish him God-speed, was

#### Father Murphy,

the originator of the gold cure for drunkenness, and one or two military gentlemen.

Afternoon and night, the Academy of Music was again occupied. The first was a highly spiritual time, the General giving one of those definite, in-laid addresses which are so valuable as lifts to a higher, deeper broader life. He was rewarded by seeing candidates at the pentent-form for this blessed, desirable attainment. It was a treat rarely enjoyed. The speaker he'd the audience in an intensity of interest, which made the hour and a half which he consumed in his address seem but a few minutes. Thus the Halifax Herald, speaking of the Social meeting of the evening. At this, ex Mayor Mackintosh presided, having a capable "Lieutenant" in the Commandant. The Chairman, in terms of approval, referred to the fact of his having stood sponsor to the Army when it first opened in the town, eight or nine years ago, during his Mayoralty. Said it might well appropriate the motto of the English Artillery, "Everywhere," and declared his belief that the work our organization was doing came closest to that done by the great Master when on earth.

The General sat down amid a hearty applause, after a speech which tremed with fact and suggestion of the greatest concern to Christian humanitarians, governments, and communities, and included some shrewd local—or rather Dominion—allusions of an important character. For instance, when touching on the Over-the-Sea Colony,

he expressed his conviction that by its means our colony could be supplied with just the staff they needed—a bold, brave peasantry.

As the Commandant very safely said, he could be excused a little cheek on the present occasion, because it was not often he had his "dad" to back him up." So he went for a bold canary-collection. The finest bird was a twenty dollar bill, but several smaller ones were tugged to the platform, Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Jacobs doing the decoy business with great facility.

Tuesday morning, we made the acquaintance of the Intercolonial Railway—and of "can." These latter are spacious and comfortable concerns, thirty to forty feet long, with a roof high enough to dwarf a six-footer, and a central aisle, the seats, pew fashion, accommodating two persons each. The free and easy exits in perfection to the advantage of sociability and the detriment of scribbling. For instance, as I write, a man stalks down the pathway, gazed at the General with a smile foreign to impertinence, and holds out his hand as a conclusion to his satisfactory survey.

It was a delicious ride the hundred miles to New Glasgow. To the charm which ever attaches to a new country was added an autumnal glory peculiarly Canadian, garbing the trees in vivid tints of varied hue, most prominent of all being the deep red of the Maple Leaf. The reception at the stations, though as generous as the meals with which we were besieged four times a day, was not wholly unexpected, for at the numerous little "depots" where our train drew up, and which often consisted of a few plank, with a like number of shanties in the distance, groups of sturdy fellows, with a percent-age of women and children, hunted for the particular car containing the General, and smiling and hat-lifting followed the spiding.





HUNTING FOR THE CAR CONTAINING THE GENERAL.

Ensign Watson had managed things "to a turn." Stepping from the car just after mid-day, the Army Chief was led through a thronging crowd to an open carriage, where sat His Worship, Mayor Mackintosh, and the Rev. Mr. Robertson (Presbyterian). The terms of the adjacent hotel were made convenient going ground by a number of ladies. Porters and passengers lined the station, and townsfolk crowded towards the vehicle which was more immediately surrounded by the local corps.

#### A Gallant Little Regiment.

well uniformed, bright-faced, and numerously bemedaled with loyal and loving inscriptions. Even the telegraph poles were trimmed with yellow, red, and blue, and on this scene of enthusiasm the sun shone his brightest and best. Amid the cheering of the crowd, the Mayor proceeded to read a hearty address.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson, as more especially representing the religious portion of the community, said:—"Welcome to our rising and influential town in the name of our Master. I assure you, we have watched your career with great interest. I remember reading under the shadow of the Old Rock in Dunbar, the story of the brave man who stood alone on Mile End Waste. Much as they esteemed the privilege of having General Booth with them, they would not hope to keep him, for he belonged to the whole world. (Applause.)"

The General's response was much appreciated. Referring to "his own people," he said they were not more pleased to see him than he was to meet them. Their sparkling eyes and happy faces were as

#### Balm to His Heart.

The General, who was the dinner-hour guest of the Mayor, addressed at three o'clock a large and earnest congregation in the R. V. A. B. W. (Presbyterian) church. The distinct boldness which he adopted was especially suited to the Christian profession and workers who formed the majority present. "Lord, I want to be paid for my time," he prayed; "I want souls, Lord. I'd like to meet somebody on the golden pavement who will praise God I ever came this way." In a powerful comparison, he put the case of the man who has in his heart. A mother has a child suffering from some filthy,

#### Leprosy, incurable Disease,

and she says, "I would almost give my life to have it taken away." "That," said the General, "is how the Father feels towards you. He wants to save you from your sins, and He can do it. Surely you are not going to postpone this important work till you get to heaven! Shall we have to have a point at issue on the golden pavement? No! No! "Well," you say, "how far can I be saved from sin?" That's it. That's the question many a person, and deacon, and church member have scratched their heads about. There have been no and of controversies on this point, but I'd like to see what should be. Perhaps I am rather "simple." But let us read again. "Dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness, both of the flesh and of the spirit." "I am an old man now, at least they say I am, and I feel like believing it sometimes," he pathetically concluded. "Now, I cannot throw the afternoon away. I think the Lord is going to do something here." Praise God for the one use of this faith. Glory to His name for those who launched out into the deep and let the shore lines go.

Our kind friend, Mr. Robertson, was delighted, and assured me "that is the kind of religion we preach here." While a lady said she did not wonder that Salvationists kept good with such meetings as these; indeed, had she had time to stay, she felt she must have gone to the front herself, so great was the Spirit's influence felt.

Suppose I give here a two minutes' tea-time hour round and

#### About New Glasgow.

It is an enterprising little seaport town of 4,000 population. In the days of wooden ships, the dock-yard was, I suppose, the staple line of industry. Now the coal mines in the neighborhood have usurped the monarchy. Foundries and tanneries, however, also flourish. From Fraser's mountains, up which our kind host must needs take us, we surveyed Pictou County, including the spots in the bay where several ships have come to grief. "Are there

any boats about here?" our party asked, pointing to the woods on the distant slopes, and were told that one was captured only a few weeks ago. Owing to the droughty summer, forest fires have been numerous, and from where we stood, we had a good view of one of these conflagrations.

In the barracks the Commandant had a good opportunity of introducing himself to the New Glasgow troops, who only found one thing lacking to the completion of their jubilation—the

#### Presence of Mrs. Booth.

It was a fiery incisive little address which the Commandant gave, to the inspiration and delight of the soldiery, who, under his leadership, marched straight away, lighted by torches, and to the strains of a war-like tune, to attack the devil and give him a good drubbing in the open air.

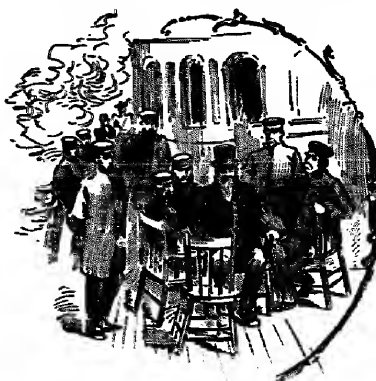
From 800 to 1,000 people crowded the church at night, to whom the General explained the subject of never failing interest—his Social Scheme. The meeting was captivated—no other term is sufficiently indicative of the feelings excited—and practical thanks to our leader.

#### "Anchored on the Waves."

An idle of golden grain and beautiful climate was Wednesday's destination. The Indians called Prince Edward Island something unpronounceable, but meaning, "Anchored on the Waves." In extent, this fertile region, which the guide books say grows "amazingly" large potatoes, "surprisingly heavy oats," raises numbers of the "best" horses, and multitudes of the "fattest" sheep, is 130 miles from tip to tip, and from two to thirty miles in width. We got to this highly favored territory by a short car ride to Pictou, and then by paddle steamer across Northumberland Strait, a distance of forty miles. Besides

#### Packing

off our own provisions, as is our want in journeying, we tried to feed our own and the souls of others by a warm



THE GENERAL ON DECK.

little service on board, in which the General would not be denied a finger. It was a touching sight to watch his venerable figure, swayed with earnestness, and almost reverently regarded by the varied passengers who gathered round us.

It was dark when we got to Charlottetown pier, where Mayor W. E. Dawson was waiting to receive the General, which he did with a heartiness that left no craving for a feeling of strangeness. In his carriage we were rapidly conveyed to the public square, noting as well as we could at such an hour, many handsome public buildings. Numbers of people had flocked to the scene of the inside meeting, in the First Methodist church, but a good show of soldiers, with their band and banners, beside many spectators, hailed the Army leader as he appeared in the square, where the Mayor considerably introduced him in half a dozen well chosen words. Though the General's form could have been seen but in dim outline, his words rang out like a trumpet sound, calling upon his soldiers to more reckless service for God and warning the unweary, while they looked after their shops and ships and land, to also see to it that their own souls were not neglected, nor the perishing around them left uncared for. They must all ultimately walk the golden street, or find a place among the damned. "I say then, look to yourselves, and then help your blessed Lord to get His own. Once living for yourselves, and live for the welfare of your fellow-men."

It is said that 2,500 proceeded to the church, of whom 2,000 managed to crowd in. This is a good proportion of the 12,000 population of the Capital. The scene presented in this fine edifice was one to stir a Salvationist to his heart's centre; but our friends, the townsfolk, are not yet so much at home in giving vent to their feelings as we are. Clergymen, ministers, doctors,

#### Lawyers, Editors, Politicians,

and representatives of all classes of municipal and intellectual life figured in this gathering. A clergyman had come sixty miles to hear our leader.

In the pastor's real holiness prayer, he thanked God for having brought to this place "the great leader of the

greatest movement of the nineteenth century." "His Worship the Mayor compared the General to such men as Cromwell and Knox, raised up to meet the special need of a particular age. "I had the honor recently," he said, "as Mayor, in your name, to welcome the Governor-General, the representative of Queen Victoria, upon whose Empire the sun never sets. To night in your name, I welcome to our city and to our hearts another representative, an ambassador of the King of kings, whose Kingdom is wide as creation's bounds, and shall never end, and whose sun shall never go down. (Applause.) General Booth, in the name and on behalf of the citizens of Charlottetown, and on behalf of this great audience, and in the name of our common Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; I tender you a most cordial welcome, and pray that the words we shall hear from you to-night may be made the savor of life unto life, and stir us up to more active work in the vineyard of the Lord." (Amen.)

In the words which followed from the General's lips, fuel was added to the fire, so to speak. He eloquently fulfilled all expectations.

#### Ex-Governor Haldane

proposed a vote of thanks for the address, characterizing the work with which it had dealt as the greatest Christian moral and social reformation of the present age. Ex-Governor Laird seconded, reminding the audience that Canada, and even their own city, contained a great many drunkards and outcasts to whom the General's scheme would apply.

Quite a large company partook of refreshments at the Secretary's, one whose little girl had made her mother promise to walk her up and bring her down to see the General. This was done, and the little one peeped into the General's face. May the dear child be ever influenced Godward by the remembrance.

Returning to the "St. Lawrence," the party slept on board, performing the return journey between five and twelve o'clock next morning (Thursday). At Pictou, an old substantial town, with a good harbor and a small square little Methodist Church, kindly lent by the Rev. W. G. Lane. Though an unusual hour for such a meeting, the attendance was excellent, and included the presence of three Presbyterian and one Episcopalian "reverends."

Dispensing with introductions, the General was quite "at home," and gave a short reading and an address of the most stimulating character. Recognizing the brevity of the time at his disposal, he went for foundation work. "Some of us," he said, "remember the time when we became the children of God. I can remember almost the very spot. I looked for it the other day when I was in the neighborhood—for the very spot where, at ten o'clock at night, I knelt down and looked up and we made a new creature. The stone was gone, but, blessed be God, the peace was still in my heart. (Amen.) I wonder whether you can tell the time when and the place where this change took place! Well, never mind that just now, but

#### What About the Fact?

How can you tell if you are saved? In the same way that I can prove I am a live man. I talked like a live man last night at Charlottetown. I ate my supper like a live man. I went to bed, got up again, and ate my breakfast like a live man, and am pretty well ready for some lunch, I can tell you. (Laughter.) So if you are saved man, you will do the works of a saved man. Have you been thus changed? Like the old lady whom the boys called after the morning after she had been saved, "Ah, Sally, how are you?" "I am not Sally now, I am a new creature, for I was converted last night," she replied."

Building upon this ground work a super structure of holiness, the General invited all to make this their present and precious experience.

There was just time for dinner before taking again to the town. Several friends came down to the depot to see us off. In the waiting room were several Indian squaws and some black-eyed, brown-skinned children. First things; judging by their looks, their lives had happened— "they want God. They are hard to be got at, but I'll do to hear these a few figures in our camp in the Dominion. Amongst the friends on the platform was a ministerial brother, who enthusiastically explained, "Hurrah for the Salvation Army!" Brigadier Jordan, who was on hand and knew our friend, in his exuberance pulled off his cap and fixed it on the person's head.

#### By "LONGFELLOW."

#### The International War Cry Correspondent.



"GIVE ME BRANTRY"—SPEAKING IN THE HALIFAX BRIDGE.

"GIVE ME BRANTRY"—SPEAKING IN THE HALIFAX BRIDGE.

"the nineteenth century," while compared the General to a fox, raised up to meet the speaker. "I had the honor to receive," he said, "in welcome the Governor of Queen Victoria, upon his visit to this city and to our friends another member of the King of Kings, as creation's bonds, and shall never go down. (At this point in the name and on behalf of the great name of our common Lord and tender you a most cordial welcome. We shall hear from you in favor of life unto life, and sir in the vineyard of the Lord."

flowed from the General's lips, so to speak. He eloquently

ernor Bairland

for the address, characterizing it as the greatest Christian of the present age. He, reminding the audience that the city, contained a great many of whom the General's scheme

partook of refreshments at the little girl had made her mother and bring her down to see the and the little one patted on the and he ever influenced Godward

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By "LONGFELLOW,"

nal War Cry Correspondent.

Though poor, I was clean. My undergar had come that day from the wash. If my hat was honeycombed and shabby, it was paid for. It cost me one penny. Could the same be said of Miss Flowerpot's bonnet? My trousers were certainly fringed and shiny, but, then, they were also purchased for two pence. My vest was not visible, and, therefore, its depravity no one knew. My coat, of an emerald hue, had seen better days I confess. Besides, it was a suit; but not one white more ludicrous than the baggy-shaped broad-cloth of Mr. Thingybob that turned up his nose, almost leaping past me.

"Move on!" said the Mansion House committee, after giving me a second look. I paid no attention. Why should I take the order to myself?

"Move on, I tell you!" he repeated.

THE WAR CRY.

HALIFAX DOCK YARD.



MAJOR HARDING.

## A Night on the London Streets

### SOME TOUCHING SCENES.

Does the Coat or the Character Make the Man?



HIS question may appear superfluous to those who don't know what it is to be thankful for the coat-off of Petticoat Lane. But I assure them, after only six hours' experience as a homeless individual on the streets of the East End of London, that the color and cut of a man's coat has much, very much indeed, to do with the forming and stereotyping of his destiny. As illustrating this conclusion I will, at the outset of my pilgrimage, refer my readers to but three scenes.

It was a quarter-past seven p.m. when I rose as far as the Mansion House. I halted there to discuss with myself the advantages of tramping or riding to Whitechapel.

Now, I don't unduly flatter myself, I think, when I say that my feeling is that of an honest man. My ancestors were distinguished for adventure and integrity. If some of them did steal sheep among the glens of Inverness-shire, and others were notorious "bucco and whiskey-smugglers, well—they did it honestly!—but—I mean, straight and above-board. They were known as such! Consequently, if anyone wants to wound me deeply, just throw the slightest shadow of suspicion over my fair name, and Micbeth in a tempest is not in it. Hence the bitterness of my soul when a "copper" glowered at me as I stood, Sphinx-like, one yard from the steps of the Mansion House.

His look was piercing. Its effect upon me was to open my eyes, I admit, to the contrast between myself and the gentry who passed me by—dandies, marshmen, and dukes; clerks and counter-jumpers; fair maidens and grim ladies; young dandies and old fussy-robbers—such a medley of humanity as only can be seen at the Mansion House. There I stood in the midst—an intrusive and suspicious character. The bobby's look branded me. I felt it. And yet, why should I?

Though poor, I was clean. My undergar had come that day from the wash. If my hat was honeycombed and shabby, it was paid for. It cost me one penny. Could the same be said of Miss Flowerpot's bonnet? My trousers were certainly fringed and shiny, but, then, they were also purchased for two pence. My vest was not visible, and, therefore, its depravity no one knew. My coat, of an emerald hue, had seen better days I confess. Besides, it was a suit; but not one white more ludicrous than the baggy-shaped broad-cloth of Mr. Thingybob that turned up his nose, almost leaping past me.

"Move on!" said the Mansion House committee, after giving me a second look. I paid no attention. Why should I take the order to myself?

"Move on, I tell you!" he repeated.

"In a minute," I replied, "I'm thinking." "Come, come," he said, almost gently, "clear out of this!" His manner quite mollified me, and not wishing to get into trouble just then, I opened my bag (I omitted to describe its brown, and made for a lawyer's brief.) brought forth a WAR CRY, held up its audacious frontispiece to him and said, with an air of sweet innocence, "Will you kindly accept this Mr. Officer?"

The policeman tumbled to my performance at once, smiled, and himself moved on! All the same I was suspected, simply because of my attire.

For the same reason, the bus conductor—for I had decided to ride—knit his eyebrows, rolled up his upper lip, and gave me a look as I ascended the top—a look equivalent to—"What is that bird up to?" Still, I allow a certain percentage of suspicion for bus conductors. Detectiveness is their strong point.

Now, when I sat down that night in "Terry's celebrated and Far-Famed Ed-Pie Shop," in Whitechapel Road, to a

see 'im hinto has work. I told 'im as er went that he was good to me, and I doant mind tellin' yer that I mopped."

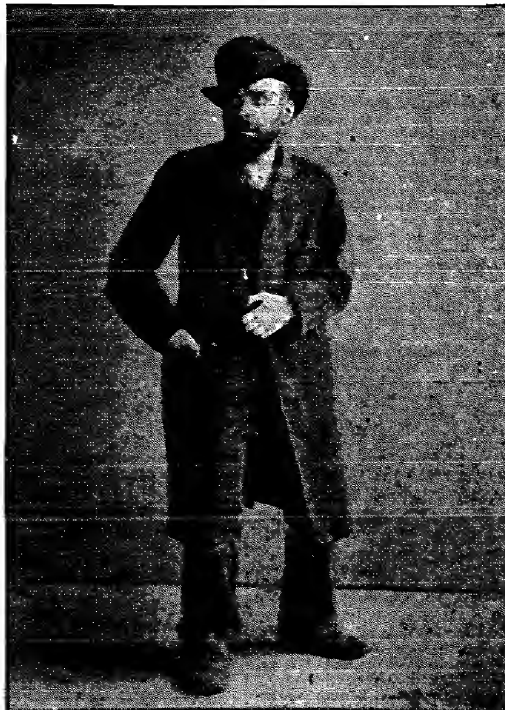
"But why? Has he been doing wrong?" "Wha—at! My man do wrong? Not he—although it's no disgrace to say it—is it?—we ain't married yet."

"Not married; but—" "Now, don't look brown, old feller. (This ere eel-pie is spiffin, ain't it ducky?) There's too much sauce though. You see I had a bitter and a steak pudding. Sauce is bad for th' digestin'.) He works at saasages—gits twenty shillings full time yer knows, and twenty-five when 'xorious on. He giv's me all his tin—so he can't be bad, can he now?"

"Well, that is one good feature about him. But would it not be better for the children if you were to get decently married?"

My would-be companion reflected a moment, pinched the last skin of eel out of sight and then turned round and looked me full in the face. Afraid lest my honest looks should betray me, I tried to appear something else.

"Don't ever know, old chap, that if he turns cranky or goes with someone else, I'm free? But he ain't. The law-er can



A TYPICAL DENIZEN OF DARKEST ENGLAND.

tripe supper, my experience was too totally different. I was at home there. My coat determined my character, and between me and others there was no discord. The waitress treated me like a guest when I laid two shillings on the table for a fivepenny order, and then she threw ("chucked" in the proper word) down the change, the effect was tremendous upon a woman, at the opposite table, who, with a little girl, were hard at work upon a steak (or stiff) pudding.

"Stand us an eel-pie, guv'nor," she asked, in a manner neither squeamish nor disagreeable, as she left her seat and squatted down by my side, giving at the same time a knowing wink to her "ducky," and another at the one-and-seven-pence change.

"I don't mind!" I gasped, by way of an experiment.

But didn't I pay for it in having to listen to a torrent of Whitechapel eloquence!

"D'ye like ee-els, old feller?" she began.

"I prefer trips."

"Doe yer? I don't. My man does. Not a bad sort, yer knows. Jist been ter

"I draw the line at that!" "What—only eels, then?" Bah! Come on, ducky," she continued, turning to her lovely, fair-haired child, "we'll have one outside."

"Strollin' round the town, Rashed people down. Avia a jolly good time, yer bet, Tasting of every kind o' wet. A rare old, rare old rickety, rickety new."

As I stood watching the pair—mother and child hopping and skipping across the great artery of the East End, my mind took a forward leap. It was not difficult to calculate what the end of that mother would be. But there was the child. What of her? She was being educated, for what?

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THOMAS KNIGHT.

(Continued.)

I knew these people did not believe in God or Christianity, or they would be afraid to live the mean, despicable caricature of a Christian life they were living, and I said, "There's nothing in it; Christ was a good man, and dies thinking his death would do good for mankind, but it's a failure after all." And I do not wonder at people thinking the same.

I was about five years in India when a great trouble came upon me of so delicate a nature that I cannot bear to give it publicity.

In India I had lived a strictly moral life, and previous to that had been bad from a moral standpoint, for I neither drank nor smoked. Still, in the sight of this world, my life was good. I attributed this to a very strong will, but under the weight and severity of a blow that seemed

To Rend my very Heartstrings, this wonderful strong will crumbled and dwindled into nothing, my suffering was intense, and I could not rest, so I took a little brandy to induce sleep.

In a month I was drinking a bottle in twenty-four hours.

I tried to quit but found myself a slave.

I could not do without it. A friend, who knew my condition prescribed a couple of months' leave and a run to Bombay, or the Hills, but I knew it was no use.

There are certain complaints that affect the heart that can be cured by one doctor only, and the doctor did not feel disposed to bother with me.

I resigned my situation, and engaged a passage on a sailing vessel for North Africa, where I arrived safe and got employment on the railway at once.

It was here I first saw the Army, and I shall never forget that meeting. When I went in I thought them the queerest lot of cranks outside of a lunatic asylum. But when I came out I remarked to a friend, "If there's anything in Christianity these people have it."

Peterboro.—Band concert—wet night, boys in full force, good crowd. Great variety of songs, solos, readings, recitations, choruses, etc.

Edmonton.—Farewell orders. During past five months souls saved, backsliders reclaimed, professors received the blessing of a clean heart. Captain Isaacson, from Paines Alvert, coming.

Newmarket and Aurora, Circuit Corps.—"Who is Musical Simon?" was asked. Crowd in spite of rain. Hot prayer-meeting. Two souls. Seven times usual collection. Four war steeds on the march at Newmarket, with bells and jingles.

Victoria.—Two souls—one a returned scale, the other a man of sixty-six years of age, who gave up his pipe. Testifies every opportunity since, clear and bright. As the days grow shorter the audience increases with the return of the seafarer.



HALIFAX DOCK YARD.

# COSMOPOLITAN BULLETINS.

The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

101 Queen Victoria St., London, England.—Self-denial week in Britain is fixed. October 20th, to Sunday, October 28th.

Prayer has been answered and the means used have been effective. The Chief, we are pleased to state, has made such progress that not only has the development of the scheme been started, but he has regained such strength as to resume work at the International Headquarters. We gratefully render thanks to God, and pray for continued manifestation of His all-strengthening power.

Commissioner Howard, the British Commissioner, conducted a splendid series of meetings Monday, 24th ult., in connection with the opening of the new Citadel, at Stockport. It is beautifully situated, well furnished, and will comfortably seat 800 people. Twenty souls for pardon, £20 off rings.

Colonel McKie proceeded to Berlin last Thursday to take up his new command. Colonel Heilberg will do farewell meetings in Sweden before the great event in October.

The date of Commissioner Ruhani's wedding is fixed for Thursday, October 18.

Only the Indians now remain in England out of the great forces present at the Jubilee gatherings.

Staff-Capt. Brouwer, Holland, is appointed to advance on Java.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn's health is far from satisfactory. Pray for him, comrades.

Staff-Capt. Eileen Douglas arrived at Liverpool, on Saturday, from New York, after a fearful crossing on the Atlantic.

Brigadier Pevsion is appointed to succeed Colonel Heilberg as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Major Frank Barritt (brother of our Toronto P.O.) is appointed to the charge of Elmhurst Division.

New York.—The Commander and Victory Brigade are on tour and having immense success. Talking to about 15,000 people, having noon meetings; crowded Wilford Hall, raising twenty-seven new Auxiliaries, over \$670 worth of trade,

and witnessing 137 at the penitential-form during the trip.

Staff-Captain Winchell, of Chicago, reports 1 650 Cris sold at his corps last week.

The days of hardship are not all past; witness the scenes lately in Ottawa. The disgraceful proceedings were first commenced by a bystander at the open-air knocking down an Alderman who had abused the Captain. On-door meetings were forbidden. As a result of the officers' protesting, first the men-soldiers and the Captain, later also the Lieutenant and sixteen women-soldiers, were sent to the city jail to await trial. During the riot, the women-soldiers bravely held the flag. Three busy policemen literally fought with them for the precious colors, but though one woman was forced to the ground and trampled upon, the gallant ladies refused to give in, and the police at last retired, leaving them in possession of the victory and the flag.

The conflict was ended in victory for the yellow, red and blue, and provocations and open-air are in full swing at Ottawa, Illinois.

Cape Town, South Africa.—The Supreme Court has upheld the decision of the Wellington Magistrate respecting our Jubilee Band. The lady here left Cape Town to undergo the remainder of their sentence. A hundred more comrades are ready to step into their place.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, has undertaken, through Sir Gordon and Lady Spragg, to furnish our new Home, in Cape Town, for discharged prisoners. The cost will be over £100.

San Francisco.—Major and Mrs. Kyle have sailed by the *a. a. Mariposa* for Australia.

The Honolulu daily press give favorable notices of the Army's advent there. A barracks has been acquired in an excellent position. 800 people were present at the first open-air meeting.

Staff-Captain R. B. Cox, who has been spending a few months in very successful campaigning here, has said good-bye, and goes to other battlefields.

Headquarters on Monday afternoon, before leaving.

At the meeting Brigadier Holland voiced the sentiments of the Headquarters Staff when he asked Mrs. Booth to convey to the General an expression of loving fidelity.

On arriving at Montreal on Saturday, October 6th, the General was interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Witness*, to whose interrogations he replied:

"The work in Canada is much more important and satisfactory than it was when I was here eight years ago. We seem to have a stronger hold upon the public. There is greater sympathy with our work. At one time, interest here was centred on the work in Canada alone, but now there is interest for our operations in other places.

"I liked the Canadian when I visited him eight years ago, and he still impresses me favorably. I see a fine country, but I am surprised at the scarcity of population. All you want here is people. The cities of the Old Country are gorged with men crying out for work, and the country wants workers. In Europe there are plenty of handy peasants whose ambition is to own a farm. But simply to tell them that they had better come out here is not enough. When they get here they don't know what to do. What is wanted is assisted immigration with systematic aid for the settlers. Take a whole township at one time and populate it. Stand by the people financially and in every way, and when they become prosperous they can pay back everything. I may be an enthusiast, but I think that could be done. Combine science, benevolence and religion in the scheme. We combine religion with the actual deliverance of the people, and I know of no man, no matter what his opinion on religious or other matters, who, seeing the changes we have produced among the people, has not been gratified.

"I have been a fortnight in the country and have given forty set addresses, besides a number of addresses on impromptu occasions. So you see the people have got out a fair proportion of what is in me. I have to deliver

eight hundred addresses in eighty cities before March.

"My Social Schemes? Well, the trunk methods of the social scheme are now in operation, with the exception of the ever-soon colony. That is blocked for two reasons. I have not settled upon its location. There are so many plans, that I don't know which to choose. I have been watching Western Australia, but I will look over Canada once more. Another reason is that we are short of money."

The *Essex*, Quebec, on Saturday evening, printed a powerful editorial plea for the extension of the most cordial and hospitable reception possible to General Booth by Quebec's population, regardless of creed or nationality. Describing the personal appearance of the General on his arrival here, the same paper says:—"He is a well-built man of close upon six feet in stature, wearing a long, grey beard. Gestures, sober and moderate; voice, fine and sympathetic. Of the most exquisite affability. In a word, a gentleman."

Captain Wooliam arrived from Shropshire, England, 7 a. s. "Parade." The Captain is thoroughly recruited in health.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Guardian*, of October 10th, has the following editorial comment. The italics are ours:—

"GENERAL BOOTH IN CANADA.—The arrival of General Booth in Canada is an event of interest to all Christians, as well as to the people of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is certainly the most important religious movement of our day.

In spite of some doubtful things in its methods and organization, it has commended itself to all Christians by the zeal with which its agents have devoted themselves to the welfare of the poor and neglected classes. Not only has the Army been the instrument of rescuing and raising thousands of the slaves of sin, it has evoked greater interest in the work of saving the neglected classes in all the churches.

Whatever credit may be due to subordinate agents, there can be no question that the chief credit for the success of this movement must be ascribed to the organizing power of Mr. Booth, and the fervor and eloquence of his sainted wife. Those who are constantly denouncing the Christian Church, for their neglect of the common people, should remember that this remarkable movement for the salvation of the masses was organized by a Methodist preacher, working on Methodist lines. Mr. Booth will be heartily welcomed to Canada, by all Christian people, as a man who has done good service for God and humanity."

Reconciliation Week, 1894.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

OUR PROPITIOUS MOMENT

"THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE."

—Lord Wellington, at seven o'clock, after the repulse of the Old Guard, stood up in his stirrups, and taking his hat off cried, "The whole line will advance."

Such are the words printed under one of the most spirited military pictures it has been our lot to behold. The scene depicted is the world-thrilling battle-field of Waterloo. Attended by a few mounted officers, and huzzed by the worn, yet enthusiastic soldiery who press forward at his bidding, is seen the figure of the Iron Duke. His fine, strong features are rendered more keenly forcible by the soul-thrilling excitement of the hour. What stern, high, unflinching resolution; yes, desperation, is thrown into that powerful physiognomy, as standing up in his stirrups, he issues the electric command that sets in motion the long line of doggedly obstinate red coats, who for hours

"As firm rock or castle roof,  
Against the windy shower is proof,"

have withstood the most brilliant charges



- 1—"Fidelity" and "Def." Call to Arms.
- 2—"With the General."
- 3—"With the General."
- 4—"With the General."
- 5—"A Night on the London Streets. Our Own Tribulation."
- 6—"The World over. News from Headquarters. Editorials."
- 7—"What the General Thinks. Our Own Circle."
- 8—"How They Die. Our Own Circle."
- 9—"The Western Province Salutes the General. News from Central Province. The Queen's Canadian Representatives."
- 10—"The Living Present."
- 11—"Honor Roll. How the War Goes. Our Missing Columns."
- 12—"Songs."

of the great Emperor's troops. That day the fate of Europe trembled in the balance. Who can tell what tremendous issues hung upon that day's work? How differently would the map of Europe, of the whole world—have been sketched had Bonaparte defeated the British troops! In that tremendous fight, every man was a hero, and the man who uttered the fateful words: "The beginning of this article well deserved the national benediction which has ever since been lavished upon his memory."

Remembering on the great event the picture had so vividly portrayed, we could not but compare that thundering day with our present position as an Army of Salvation in our great Dominion. Our troops have sustained attack after attack. It is well known that at the very heart of our position—our Hugomont—the fight has raged the fiercest; but though at terrible cost, a thin, red line of Salvationists has ever been found grouped around the blood-and-fire flag that represents the great principles for which we fight. And now has come the propitious moment! Our Wellington is on the field—at the head—no less a General than that other great commander. Around him assemble the great and mighty, but his sympathies are with his rank and file, and if we rightly gauge the weight and worth of his electric sentences as he passes with burning enthusiasm and heaven-born desperation along our ranks, it is the re-echo of that very same command which caused Britain's brave hearts to tighter grasp the sword, and though, maybe, with blanched countenances, advance! Yes, let that cry ring loudly o'er our Canadian battlefields, and may it nerve every true heart as now before, and may the cold steel of our desperate endeavor go to the heart of the naked lust and pride and drink and sin that frowns upon our gallant band. Eternal issues are at stake. Now for one great, grand, organized, desperate attack on sin, drink, the devil, and hell. Comrades, give heed! The cry rings your ears from God, your General, and the host triumphant above—"The whole line will advance! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

It appears necessary to give a note of explanation to our Provincial and District officers, and also to our correspondents in the field generally, as to the apparently excessive condensing of their copy sent us. In respect to this matter we now act on the rule, "Necessity knows no choice," and are doing only what we are compelled to do.

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW BIBLE with S. A. PRALTY

THE GENERAL has been somewhat pale and was somewhat pale and was completed his ninth entry into St. John, N. B., way to resume the campaign. News; per man have pity cannot be allowed; as your correspondence respectfully took away leader and went to the south, etc.; and for the war our readers I was your opinion of the town. The General smiled at any word which his looks said, "Oh, I am at my good fellow."

Still, his kindly feeling would not allow of a design, and good "I am more regarded that we are gathering and successful seems to point to that we have visited have been seen, it is true, but I am encouraged with it. If we haven't had the respect in the larger or had the whole population of the country round."

"And how does it press you, General?" "Well, the portions New Brunswick that I have seen I can very for the life of me we have not four or five people. Although the slow rate. Everybody comfortably off—pleasant war—and there is a should want for any large territory most of us far off date, to a population that it is at present."

"And what do you yourselves?" "Well, I must confess they seem rather but they tell me that since. The moment religion in our gathering upon them is withdrawn as friendly as can be."

"Perhaps a more still, General, will be: timists compare with Country?"

"Comparisons are a but if you must know being quite up to the most interesting and enthusiastic feel quite sure that making of a very powerful winning of Canada to hand for the salvation."

"I understand, sir, spotted the Social and "Only a very little Homes and a Fond appear to be managed and give promise of growth. I have heard of parts of the Dominion is a future of much blessing the unfortunate and banner of our operating."

"From a computational log, General, during have given seven thousand travelled forty-three times, and held over number of people. I have seen efforts, may strength holds out."

"Well, I must say, with these people, they to know all about us."

"Naturally, General. As to my health about it. The campaign, I am told, including, besides the extra work, in, but if my as it has been this is the blessing of God, I have a little degree England on my return To which we all say

## NEWS NOTES

— AT —  
HEADQUARTERS.

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WELCOME HOME!

THE COMMANDANT

WILL MEET THE

TORONTO SALVATIONISTS

FOR A HAPPY HOME-COMING GATHERING ON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22ND,

IN THE

JUBILEE HALL, ALBERT ST.

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Mrs. Commandant Booth and Brigadier Holland left Toronto for Ottawa on Monday night, where they join the General.

Twenty officers have recently arrived at Sydney. They are from Newfoundland, and are a Jubilee gift to Canada.

The mission ship, *William Booth*, arrived safely at Toronto, and left on October 9th to meet the General and convey him to his appointments where possible.

The Naval Brigade Band are accompanying the General to most of the places he visits in Eastern Ontario.

A month of successful revival meetings are being conducted at the Toronto City Temple. On Sunday ten persons sought pardon. The collection amounted to \$21. The Provincial Officers and troops were present.

Mrs. Booth held a good-bye meeting at



# THE GENERAL THINKS

## A Chat on the Cars.

The General sat back in the car, looking somewhat pale and weary. He had just completed his ninth meeting since his entry into St. John, and was now on his way to resume the campaign at Fredericton. News-per men have hearts, but perhaps they cannot be allowed the dominion over enterprise, as your correspondent Canadian who respectfully took a seat along-side the General and ventured to remark:

"You have been ten days on Canadian soil, sir; and for the information of our War Cry readers I would like to know your opinion of the tour thus far."

The General smiled at the careful omission of any word like "interview," and his looks said: "Oh, I know what you are at, my good fellow."

Still, his kindly feeling for the "profession" would not allow him to frustrate this ardent desire, and good-naturedly replied: "I am more sanguine than before I landed that we are going to have an interesting and successful tour. Everything seems to point to that. Some of the places we have visited have been of minor importance, it is true, but I have been pleased and encouraged with the whole thing, and if we haven't had the dense crowds we expect to the larger cities, we must have had the whole population of the places and the country round."

"And how does the country itself impress you, General?"

"Well, the portions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that I have travelled over have struck me very favorably. I cannot for the life of me understand why they have not four or five times the number of people. Although they say the population is increasing, it must be at a very slow rate. Everybody seems to be very comfortably off—pirate to eat, drink and wear—and there is no reason why they should want for any good thing. Their large territory must certainly be destined, so far off date, to carry ten times the population that it is at present capable of."

"And what do you think of the people themselves?"

"Well, I must confess that in my meetings they seem rather distant and cold; but they tell me that this is only in appearance. The more one understands the religion in our gatherings seem to impose upon them is withdrawn, they unbend and are as friendly as can be desired."

"Perhaps a more interesting question still, General, will be: How do the Dominionists compare with those of the Old Country?"

"Comparisons are nearly always odious, but if you must know, they strike me as being quite up to the average, indeed, more interesting and enthusiastic than some. I feel quite sure that there is in them the making of a very powerful force for the winning of Canada to God, and leading a hand for the salvation of the world."

"I understand, sir, that you have inspected the Social and Rescue Work."

"Only a very little of it—two Rescue Homes and a Friend and Shelter. These appear to be managed on right principles, and give promise of great usefulness. From what I have heard of the work in other parts of the Dominion I should think there is a future of much blessing and benefit to the unfortunate and helpless before this branch of our operations."

"From a computation I have been making, General, during the last week you have given seventeen separate addresses, travelled forty-three hours during the day time, and held conversations with very many of people. In the face of such Herculean efforts, may I ask you how your strength holds out?"

"Well, I am at my, from my experience with these people, they are a little curious to know all about us." (This with a smile.)

"Naturally, General!"

"As to my health, I am very hopeful about it. The campaign which is set before me, I can tell, includes nearly 600 meetings, besides the extent that are sure to be thrown in, but if my strength is sustained as it has been this last week, I hope, by the blessing of God, to go through, and to have a little degree of vigor left for Old England on my return."

To which we all say "Amen and amen."

## THROUGH AN IRON PIPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON."

[We reproduce a couple of chapters from a serial story running through the "Social Gazette."]

"The military rule is the best. In the great army of commerce we are as generals and captains. We must, therefore, hold together, being careful not to go too far. I quite agree with the principle of applying the iron rule to such brats as some of socialists. Still, let us be careful not to damage our own cause by excess—tempted as we often must be to do so."

And so three merchant shoemakers of Frankfurt ended a discussion.

Some serious changes have occurred in the fortunes of the B-off family. They can be summarized in brief.

Fritz Stefan succeeded in procuring work in Frankfurt, but the man Schmidt, to whom we have already vaguely alluded, exerted a baneful influence upon him, got him to frequent the café often than his means would allow, and what is infinitely worse, attached him to a conspiracy for raising an agitation in favor of his advanced political notions. The spark of this alliance was that poor, ignorant Fritz Stefan found himself committed to prison for twelve months for aiding and abetting the purposes of some unlawful assembly. This calamity hit hardest, of course, upon his lonely wife and family in Worms. There was no alternative for them but enter the almshouse and hope for the best on the bread-winner regarding his liberty.

The finimess of this hope was trans- parent the day Fritz Stefan saw his wife. He was a changed man.

### A Doomed Man.

His imprisonment had struck a vital blow in one of those weak points in the human armor that occasionally his hidden arm in the most stalwart man, until pain, privation, or other physical adversity discovers it. Consumption worked speedily death with him. Fritz Stefan died branded as a pauper, a criminal, and an outcast.

Young Stefan was permitted by the uncle to attend the funeral, and for the first time was introduced to the story of his father's strange, chequered, and short career. It produced no impression, however, that calls for remark. He was only "the boy about the farm." His uncle, while seeing, it is true, to his elementary education, had inspired no ambition in the boy. In fact, from the time it became known that the boy's father was a socialist and a criminal, he was stationarily ashamed and treated worse than the misdeeds with which he headed. His life was simply that of the

### Provincial "Boy Dudge."

and when his uncle determined to get rid of him and fix him up with a chamber- or friend of his in Frankfurt, no regrets were manifested. The only sorrow the lad experienced was in taking a last look, as he ascended the highway, of Bismarck.

"Bismarck" had been his most faithful friend, protected him from many a blow, and, with an instinct that put to shame the blood-relation of his master, made the boy, often than his master, his choice. Between young Stefan and the dog there had grown up a strong attachment, and as the fine brute watched him, with bundle on his back, go through the gate and make for the roadway, "Bismarck" howled and howled. He had tried to smile and say: "Good dog, good Bismarck, good-bye." But the words choked somehow. He cried. It was not often that the boy did so. Had he been discovered crying it would probably have meant a thrashing. But on this occasion he made no attempt to hide his tears, and as he turned his back upon the farm, still hearing the howling of his faithful companion, his mind wandered to the day of his father's funeral. The two lower servants, joined together in his imagination. The loss of a father, and the loss of a dog did not lie far apart in the life of this German orphan.

What was he now going? He knew not. But a dread, as a shadow, rose up before him that there would be no "Bismarck" to cheer his future. Without home, parents, or friends, young Stefan plunged into the great unknown.

Breakfast had just been cleared. The

shop of Francis Menzel, wholesale and retail boot and shoemakers, was open for the public. Moreover, it was market day—the day of the week of all others when windows, counters, shelves, etc., were displayed to most advantage. It was Fritz Stefan's duty to see that the doors were opened at a certain minute, and that no scrap of dust was out of place. Unfortunately, as too often occurred, we are bound to admit, he was not distinguished on this occasion by either punctuality or care. When Herr Menzel entered the shop, therefore, and found, to his disgust, signs of disorder, he expressed himself in the way which our readers will anticipate, namely, according to the policy he laid down in the "leather corner" of the café on the "boys' question."

Taking young Stefan by the ears he yelled: "You have begun very early with your capers this morning, you brat—you son of a national plague—you—!"

Then followed the customary mark of "discipline."

"Oh, sir, do let me alone! It was not my fault this time. The foreman sent me for beer, and I had to—"

"What! what! What!" cried the master. "Lies as well! We are coming to a fine point of the bargain when boys first ought their work and tell falsehoods to cover it! I shall have to deal with the disease. The remedy is painful; but then, as Herr Bonn wisely says, 'Medicine is always distasteful.' How do you like that?"

And with a famish coolness Herr Menzel dealt the lad a cowardly slap on the head.

Stefan, as the master himself pointed out in the café talk described in the previous chapter, was not quite a boy, nor was he yet a man. He was approaching his seventeenth birthday. Only a year or six months stood between him and another who was earning fourteen marks per week. The seeming injustice of this fact, together with the cruelty of his lot, kindled a fire of hatred in his breast, unknown to his superiors. That fire was fed by books he had learned to read, and companionships he had found at the ordinary Sunday afternoon beer-garden concerts.

Consequently, when, on the morning referred to, his master's behavior was unusually rough, the fire broke forth with a fury that entirely took master and men off their guard.

Seizing a boot-lust from a shelf behind him, the young desperado rose to his height, and in less time than it takes to describe the act, he struck his master a blow on the forehead. A scream from the female cashier brought the hands from the back room on the ground floor to the scene of commotion. For a moment attention was absorbed in the master's condition. He had fallen upon the customer's seat, and blood was oozing freely from a serious wound in his forehead. The gravity of the situation, however, was scarcely realized by the cashier, who smothering professed to resume his duties in the shop.

"Kick 'em out of the premises!" cried the master.

"No, sir; we shall call the police. The ruffian must be locked up."

"No—no. Prison will soon loose its terror to a born criminal. Kick him, I tell you—kick him out of the shop. I never want to see the rascal again!"

No more persuasion was required. In an instant two hands were upon him, and with a volley of oaths and the execution of the commandment to the very letter, young Stefan was thrown into the streets.

(To be continued.)

Ottawa. — Harvest Festival a success, financially and spiritually. Every corps has given over its target, Ottawa leading the way at \$120; Pembroke, \$51; Renfrew, \$50. Our target for the District was \$140, instead of that we raised \$231. God has given us souls at each place. Captain Carter, being alone at Pembroke, and having just taken charge, has made it harder, but in spite of all he has done nobly. Good crowds, and two souls saved. Captain Berrows has doubled his score and won in \$2 from Renfrew, a corps of only ten soldiers. In two weeks something like twelve professed conversions. At Ottawa, the District Headquarters, the H. F. went off grandly. Cabbage Mike, from Peterboro, took the place by storm. Esau Cowan and Staff-Captain Sharp dropped in.—Esau T. Cowan.

Proposed tour for Captains and Mrs. Fitzgerald.—Port Dover, Oct. 13th; Simcoe, Oct. 15th, 14th, 15th; Watford, Oct. 16th; Orkney, Oct. 17th; Stratford, Oct. 18th, 19th; Paris, Oct. 20th, 21st; Rockwood, Oct. 22nd; Drumbo, Oct. 23rd; Arth. Oct. 24th; Galt, Oct. 25th; Hawker, Oct. 26th; Guelph, Oct. 27th, 28th and 29th; Rockwood, Oct. 30th; Acton, Oct. 31st; Galt, Nov. 1st; Brampton, Nov. 2nd; Toronto, Nov. 3rd.

## OUR OWN CIRCLE.

If our private request to the F.O.'s had brought forth only Capt. Allan's remarkable story it would have been well worth the postage expended, but we anticipate receiving many thrilling stories, which will be read with intense interest and furnish good war material for our platform warriors.

Answer our letter to the F.O.'s we received the following, to answer which will probably fit many another enquirer's queries.

NEW GLASGOW.

Shall be happy to "jinx" your column. What is the entrance fee? Have they to be gathered, selected, or home made, or original, or what?

J. WATSON.

REPLY.

1. Entrance fee, nil; only essential being a desire to glorify God.

2. They may have any of the qualifications mentioned, but the preference is given to S.A. stories, pure and simple.

ACROSS MANY A MILE OF ROLLING WAVE.—We have received a contribution from that talented writer, "H. E. G." accompanied by the following fiery epistle:

"EXPERIENCE COTTAGE," PERTH.

Yours of June 5th gladly received. Your cosmopolitan Army is followed and studied by me—in my quiet way—thoroughly. The divine life is with you; the divine love is with you, and in you; the divine Spirit is, as far, and "free course," and been "glorified" in the single-eyed, straight-ahead march of your spiritual and local movements. I earnestly beseech the Captain of our salvation that nothing, nothing, NOTHING may turn you out of the way, the truth, and the life that are alone divine. The good Lord forbid it! May your march be to the gates of the New Jerusalem, and last till the Captain-King takes His place at the head of your world-wide host! Hallelujah! and a thousand times amen, and the Lord be your joy and your strength and your glory and your victory for ever.

H. E. G.

The following clipping from an old *War Cry* reads good. Is it not Mrs. General Booth's?

"That is just what the Salvation Army means—it means compulsion of souls. People are afraid of us. They have good reason to be. (Volley.) If you don't want to get your children inspired with this love and zeal, keep them away from us. If you don't want to be inspired yourself, you had better keep away, too, for it is contagious. It is a part of our program to make our religion fit and square with the prevalent notions of religion in these days. We never propose such a thing to ourselves. We make no pretension to it. We accept Jesus Christ for our model, and reject every other. We preach His standard of religion and of morality, and reject every other; and we know very well that it is a matter of history that wherever the real Christ has appeared in the living power of His Spirit, and where His teaching has been resuscitated in life and in truth there has come the sword, division, strife, persecution, and endless death. It has always been so. We cannot help it, and therefore seeing that society is, to day, made up of the very same classes of character which existed in Jesus Christ's day, we expect the same treatment for ourselves, making allowance for the enlightenment of the age, and we expect the same results from our teaching. Holy Ghost power is the same in all ages."

Here is good pay for many an hour's sweat of heart and brain.

A lady writes from Scotland:

"Allow me to convey to you my sincere thanks for your great kindness to my son, inasmuch as you took him in when destitute in a foreign land, without money and without friends. I can assure you that when my son made known to me that an official of the Salvation Army had taken an interest in him I felt at rest, approving, as I have always done, of the noble efforts put forth by the Salvation Army for the regeneration of erring humanity. That God will have you in His holy keeping is the fervent prayer of the subscriber."

M. B.

A word to our comrades everywhere. In reporting to the *Cry* give all the facts you can create into your report, put them in with telegraphic brevity; always go your work to see how many words you can safely strike out. Help us to make the *Cry* live, crisp, sharp!

## "Over Land and Sea to Germany."

Major Friedrich, with his facile pen, has written us an interesting account of his recent summer trip to his beloved fatherland. It is illustrated with snap-shot views caught by his kodak along the journey. This will appear shortly in successive chapters.

# HOW THEY DIE.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but, ah!  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"



"We are sending a photo of Sister Long for Mr. Wood. Sister Long was with our Army, and she was a regular old farm, but she has had no portrait since she was taken."—C. E. MYLES.

## "Farewell, Vain World, Thou Hast no Charms for Me."

UNBROKEN.—After a short, but severe, illness, Sister Mrs. Long closed her eyes to the fading things of time, to behold her Saviour, and God in the spirit world, where she shall be just like Him for she sees Him as He is.

Oh, blessed thought, that the pure in heart shall see God, for according to her testimony and life her heart was pure. She was a real, loyal, humble and devoted soldier and wife, ever delighting herself in the laws of her God. The funeral was very largely attended. An impressive service was held in the barracks. We marched to the cemetery singing.

"Over on the bright golden shore."

We found hundreds waiting service at the grave yard. During this service many were bathed in tears, while the saints rejoiced that they were ready. Many ungodly ones felt their need of a Saviour to enable them to live such a life that when the death-angel should knock at their chamber they also should hear the Master say, "Well done."

Soldiers and comrades renewed their consecration to God for service.

Memorial service. Great crowd. Testimonies were given as to the devotion of Sister Long. Her husband when God had wonderfully upheld, testified to her beauty of heart before God, herself and all around her, then pleaded with the ungodly to come to Christ.

"O precious souls knit at the cross and cried for pardon. Will our comrades kindly pray for the bereaved ones."—Ensign MYLES.

## Off to Glory by Water from the Banks of Newfoundland.

### RUN DOWN IN A FOG BY THE "MAJESTIC."

BURIN, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Our tanks have again been broken. Our dear comrade, GABRIEL MITCHELL, who some time ago enlisted to fight for God under the dear old Army flag, has gone where there shall be

No More Sea.

While fishing on the banks, in a dense fog, the s.s. "Majestic" came crashing into his schooner, and our beloved comrade, with another man, was drowned.

Only a short struggle, and his spirit went to God. His testimony was, "Thank God, I'm not afraid to die."

Although we did not have the privilege of giving him an Army funeral, nevertheless, we held a very impressive memorial service. Many were in tears. God spoke to convicted hearts. "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" Still on we go to lead others to our Christ. Our motto, "We'll fight until we die."

Sinner, God calls to you. Heed His voice. Get ready to meet Him.

SERGT.-MAJOR BOUGEN.

## GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BELLVILLE.—On September 20th death visited our ranks. ROBERT HENSLER, who

was an Army convert, suffered intensely and long with that awful disease, consumption. During his sickness he was visited frequently by officers and soldiers. When asked if it was well within, he would readily answer, "Yes." He died peacefully.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Wiseman, at the home and grave. Two of the soldiers were called on to speak. Throughout, it was a deeply effective occasion. The memorial service was conducted by Ensign Wiseman on Sunday evening. There were some testimonies given. The lesson was read from Rev. 21st. Nearly two hundred were present. Many hearts were touched, and at the conclusion three of the mourners came forward seeking forgiveness of sin—a brother, sister, and sister-in-law. The brother was a backslider, but through the death of our comrade he was led to give himself anew to Jesus. Testimonies followed after the prayer meeting. The mother of the comrade spoke very touchingly. Also a number of the bereaved ones. May the whole family be led to Christ through the loss of the departed one.

"Peacefully love the suffering,  
Peacefully die the death;  
Peacefully rejoice with Jesus,  
Looking down upon earth."

A. A. K., S.C.

ODD.—Death has again visited our midst and taken away one of our dear comrades, SISTER MRS. HOWARD.

After some few months' illness she passed away to be with Jesus. While visiting her and asked if all was right she answered, "Yes; when the chariot lowers I'll step in, bless Him."

When she grew weaker, and her voice could hardly be heard, she would smile a heavenly smile. Many were blessed while visiting her. I myself among the number, for you could see that the humble, gentle spirit of Jesus was there.

On August 21st she passed away to be with Jesus. The funeral was conducted by Ensign McMillan, from Kingston. Many were led to see their need of preparing to meet God. At the memorial service, Sunday night, one sister sought and found Jesus.

LESLIE, MILTON.

Fort William.—Frost came off without a hitch. Knee drill followed. Great blessing.

Fort William.—Officers successful. Audiences moved. Two volunteers. Grand banquet. Fort Arthur comrades present.

Chesterville.—Capt. Davis is away on a well earned rest. Before going to recuperate, with the help of his soldiers, in giving two dollars over his target.

Chatham.—Twelve souls and six for a clean heart. Exciting times. Harvest Festival week. Great quantities of fruit, etc., but difficult to sell as the harvest is so abundant. Fine pig donated.

Quebec.—This is the second strongest fortified city in the world, where British soldiers are stationed, who are trained every day in the latest tactics of war.

This strong, warlike city was invaded some years ago by a detachment of the Salvation Army, who were held enough to raise the standard for Jesus. One officer neither is being taken prisoner for our King.

Difficulties there are many; darkness and superstition prevail; temptation and discouragement enough to dampen the courage of any human being; but men and women are being saved. Both French and English come publicly out in the meetings and seek salvation by faith. One woman ventured out on Sunday night who had been bitterly opposed to Christianity, and had told her husband she would never get saved; but God took hold of her.

I had the pleasant task of enrolling three recruits, and other two had been enrolled some weeks before.

I seized the congregation on Sunday night to give or promise nine dollars for Lieutenant Brakel's travelling from Toronto so that she could be sent on right away to help them along, and in a few minutes I was off the desired amount.

Arrangements are being made to fix the barracks up, so that it will be warmer for winter. The cost, as far as we can learn, will be about fifty dollars. Two gentlemen have volunteered to give furniture, such as the other thirty the officers are quite sure of.

We have also got two candidates in the corps.

The spirit of earnestness has taken hold of the soldiers' unity and love prevail. The officers, Ensigns, Mrs. Mitchell and Captain Hestman, are praying that they may have the privilege of staying all winter at Quebec.

Friends of the Army are true as steel, warm-hearted, liberal with their money, on hand to help at any time. God bless and prosper these friends.

Candidate Farness feels it his duty to support the cause as he can since he has saved. Every cent he can spare goes to help the work along. May God raise up many more like him!—Staff-Capt. BRADY.



CONSCIENCE.—The moral sense; a combination somewhere of which common sense is one of the compounds; that within a man which says, "That's bad or that's good"; knowledge. It may deceive us, and can only be followed where it agrees with the word of God, showing us that it is a sense needing training, like all our other senses.

CONSECRATION.—I hand myself over to God, all I have and all I hope for. I consecrate myself. I live henceforth as God's steward over my possessions, talents, etc., to use them to the best advantage for His kingdom. That is living sacrifice, or consecration. Note. I say "my possessions, talents," etc., only to distinguish them from other people's, as hired teamsters; say my horses to distinguish them apart. We are not our own, and yet we are, in a sense.

COMMUNION.—Talking together; intercourse. They say to commune with great men, you will be great; with bad men, you will be bad; with good, you will be good. Commune with God, and you will surely partake of His attributes.

COMPASSION.—A mixed passion, compounded of love and sorrow.—WENDSIE.

CONCEIT.—An over estimate of one's worth or abilities.

CONCENTRATE.—To bring everything to a common centre, as your thoughts for instance, in a prayer meeting.

CONFESSION.—Acknowledging. If we acknowledge God in all our ways, He will direct our path. Dress, conversation, manner, working, recreating, reading, and writing are some of the "all our ways."—Prov. III. 6.

CYMBALS.—Two brass plates, which are struck together, making much louder and less musical sound than a drum, used in worship.—II. Sam. vi. 5; I. Chr. xv. 16; xvi. 5, etc.

CUSTOM.—A frequent repetition of the same act; established manner. It is said, "The old are slaves to custom, the young to novelty or change." If the change is for the better, by all means break custom; get out of ruts. Who is going to ride a slow coach if he can get the train, just because the past generations did so.

CUSTOMS.—The duties imposed by law upon goods imported or exported. Can a man break the laws of his country and please God? Not when the laws are just. If he would condemn it in the large, he must not, as a Christian, allow the small pilfering (smuggling).

## The Western Province Salutes the General.

MAJOR READ.

"Home again at Winnipeg." Since the 9th of July, we have together travelled thousands of miles.

Ensign Rawling and Capt. Shea have kept things in proper trim.

That welcome tea at Ensign Rawling's cozy little home was much enjoyed. These little gatherings bind our hearts together.

What shall I say about the "welcome home" soldiers' and converts' meeting? Those Winnipeg comrades know how to take hold still. The three at the Cross cheered our hearts.

The Harvest Festival has been a success. Many corps have gone away over last year's and over about their target. Mordecai has gone over their target of \$30.

Ensign Mrs. Rawling has been a good help to the war in Winnipeg. Ensign Lowry has bravely pushed ahead. Little Clayton Rawling in growing up to be a big, fat boy.

Now for a few rough notes of the tour we have finished. MOOSEHEAD will yet rise. Seventeen dollars for the H. F. is a good sign that it is coming up. CALGARY city

contains a good crowd of Salvationists who work well. They are after a lot of land for a barracks.

Then the "Rockies"! I'm fails in the description. VANCOUVER corps is making rapid strides. The soldiers are loyal and true. VICTORIA corps is called by the Commandant a "crack" corps. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald have the leadership of a noble band. NEW WESTMINSTER is a lovely city set on a hill.

NANAIMO comrades possess a good harvest, and have endless chances to go in as well as out. EDMONTON possesses a smart little salvation crew. True as steel. PRINCE ALBERT, too, is a fine spot. The North-West Mounted Police have a garrison here. They love the Salvation Army, and one of them is a good enrolled soldier. VIKTOR, too, is in the Kootenay Valley, is not without the Army. Never shall we forget the devotion of the soldiers and their brave officers. CLAYTON, too, contains some beautiful souls. Though about away from many privings which city soldiers enjoy.

Business failures are prevalent. Many an needing employment, yet the old S. A. sign sits right on, though suffering a bit financially in common with this general depression.

Capt. Corlett (promoted) will be Nanaimo's future commander. Capt. Thomas (promoted) now assists Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald at Victoria. Our old friend, Sergt. Major Tom New, is still there. We met Brother Munk at Vancouver. He used to belong to the Toronto Temperance corps.

Candidates are browsing.

A live steer was given for the Calgary Harvest Festival, besides ducks and chickens.

Ensign Rawling took the Winnipeg band to Selkirk for H. F.

Calgary corps is in for buying a couple place of land.

Capt. Milner takes charge of Vancouver, and Capt. Macneave goes to Port Arthur.

Three young men at Vancouver applied for the S. A. Work in one day.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE SALUTES THE GENERAL.

Passers by the Provincial Headquarters are attracted by the sign-board which daily contains a different scriptural motto or announcement.

Calgary comrades are going in for a new barracks.

Rapid City corps has brought a good lot of land in a central position.

Six dollars worth of grain was donated for the H. F. at Mordecai.

The Vancouver church people are taking hold of the proposed Shelter Scheme.

Victoria is a great place for operations.

Nanaimo brass band is still going strong.

Lieut. Orr is resting at Carberry.

Colt to M. Davidson and Hunt have gone to the field, being promoted to Lieutenants, the former to New Westminster, the latter to Moosehead.

New for Self Denial work. We shall, I do believe, top all past records.

Bandmaster Cullen is away from the city, and Johnny Hawkitt takes his place.

Trade sergeants are about to be appointed in the different corps throughout the Province.

Say, field officers, what about the time in the opening crisis of war? Go at it with a will, and you will accomplish it.

Say, soldiers, do you belong to the Clothing Club at Toronto? If not, begin to send your quarter.

To the Light Brigade Local Officers of East Ontario.

No doubt you find some difficulty in keeping your box-holders properly instructed. This must be done if the Grace before Him scheme would continue to be a success.

In order to do this you must be thoroughly in earnest about the matter, you must only the blessing of a clean heart, you must be baptized with Holy Ghost fire, your eyes must be open to see the perishing multitudes around you, your ears must be attentive to the agonizing cries of your fallen sisters and brothers, your heart must be full of compassion for the lost. You will then see in the G. B. M. box a means of liberty to these poor captives. The love of Jesus will constrain you to get out as many horses as you can every week. The people will note your own explanations. They will understand your motives. They will be moved by your heart felt appeals. They will be led to God through your practical example, and you will be a great blessing to the community.

Living and talking with God you will find the importance of being up to time in your distribution, prompt in your collection, business like in your dealings and faithful in your returns. Do not grow weary in well-doing, endure hardness as good soldiers. You should not feel that you are hogging, you are simply God's agents, collecting God's revenue, accounts of long standing which should have been paid into His treasury long ago. My part I consider it an honor to call penmen for Jesus.

Adjutant MANK.

## CEYLO

(Continued.)

Remember that "water through the mill can never grind so runs the lost lines of an Army I heard once.

They came back to me with a new meaning as I watched the light valley beneath.

Away beyond the factory wheel it passes through the just alive thread amongst the green of the mill-wheel, sends it to the fall, heavy cloth, leaving the blinding white spreading itself over shoes, and glistening in the sun, falling into a deep channel of small fall into a natural basin, the swamp, lost in that ugly mass.

Home of a Thousand and makes the hundred and one things to be found in a tropic.

G. O. P. NO

The Musical Troupe have another tour, blessed to the salvation. Finally, it has done well, that has been given to our work place will prove of lasting benefit.

For kindness and hospital, looks the record; the attention shown has been very marked, of friends have been made.

Our Brigadier has been present the meetings, and by cordiality, helped us all possible. her, from our colored comrades have worked like trojans.

The event of the month is the beloved General to London on this month. We are hoping his people and friends will drive into this night meeting.

Our General will arrive at 5 p.m. We hope that every one will be there to welcome him, and around will drive in to give him a just welcome. God bless him in the grandest and best world to-day.

Ensign Dowell is in the building his barracks at 1. Unfortunately, the whole structure is in the operation. Our friends will help him out, and he will be the grandest and best world to-day.

We are glad to welcome our dear Major Campbell, from his wedding that he went and joined the for the night meeting, and then to report the vict. Our



ward of Salvationists, who  
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noted) will be Nandor's  
Capt. Thomas (promoted)  
and Mrs. Archibald and  
friend, Sergt. Major Tom  
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ing.

given for the Calgary  
lives ducks and chickens.  
took the Winnipeg train  
F. F.

a for buying a coat

in charge of Vancouver,  
goes to Port Arthur.  
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MOVING CALIFORNIA THE

Principal Headquarters are  
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Shirley Schuman.

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for many long ago. For



"Through the Jungle, Among the Green Foliage."

## CEYLON.

(Continued.)

Remember this that "water once passed through the mill can never grind again."

So runs the last lines of an American poem I heard once.

They come back to me with an altogether new meaning as I watched the little river in the valley beneath.

Away beyond the factory with its noisy wheel it passes through the jungle like the silver thread amongst the green foliage, striking the mill-wheel, sends it round with a dull, heavy clank, leaving the wheel bubbling white spreading itself over the stones above, and glistening in the sunlight, and sending into a deep channel it drips over a small fall into a natural basin, and is lost in the swamp, lost in that ugly marsh.

Some of a Thousand Frogs, noise and the hundred and one noisy crawling things to be found in a tropical swamp.

My beautiful little silver stream is lost in its turbid ugliness, I thought it was swallowed up and gone, but at the other end of the valley it comes out, slowly at first, but gathering speed as it rushes towards a fall and dropping over, it seems to leap for very glad, and plunges over the stones underneath the trees.

Narrowing again as it strikes another wheel, it sends it round with the same dull, monotonous clank, then off it runs, skimming a hill.

I lose sight of it, but from the hill-top I can see the roof of still another factory, and for a moment I know, there might be a dream before it reaches the coast beyond, and is lost forever and forever.

My poetical friend, the engineer, has completely exploded your beautiful idea. Just as the Salvation of God

Updates All the Witnesses

who would try to keep a man at a respectable distance just because he was down in the slough wallowing in the mire of sin as vile, the image of God; yet distorted, defaced beyond recognition by debauchery and wickedness, so that little stream had still power in it even if it was lost in the swamp for a

time, to come out again and send the old mill wheel round.

Will God not breathe on the dry bones again? Will the prodigals not become gems in His crown?

But of the things that the world with all its wisdom despises the Lord builds up His Kingdom.

The prodigal son, like the little stream, had been useful, but he fell to the level of swine-herd, vile, polluted and

Smelling of the Company

he kept; but he was his father's son, nevertheless, and made a little lower than the angels.

There was rejoicing, music and dancing at his return to his father's home and a life of usefulness. Ah! he went on to turn another mill wheel. I like to look on that little stream. It has taught me so many things, but it has a dark side as well as a bright side.

So, metaphorically speaking, I send it across to Canada to the "Great Divide" in the Rockies, and let it run east and west, down into British Columbia, across the Prairies till it reaches the "mournful, misty Atlantic," and you can look on it as I have done, and let it teach you the lesson that God would have you learn from it.—DEVA SINGHA.

On Monday Mrs. de Barritt told us about South America. One thing we learn was to pray sincerely for our comrades fighting abroad, especially pioneering a country.

On Tuesday, a soldier kindly took us to Navy Island, away beyond Chippawa, five or six miles from Niagara Falls, where we walked. On the island, in addition to doing justice to the various kinds of fruit to be seen, we practised and held occasional prayer meetings, gathering together every living soul around.

At Chippawa, on our way back to the Falls, we sold our Cans, played a few selections, and pitched in generally.

Within sight of the mighty water fall we accepted Baker's van, and asked him to buy a Can, which he did, giving us twenty-five cents for the same.

Meeting at night we all did a general farewell.—ELIAS.

Work Wanted.—Will any employers of labor who can give employment to some steady, industrious joiners, machinists, apply to Brigadier de Barritt at once, corner of Lippincott and Water streets.

The Press have helped us quite a deal.

## THEIR EXCELLENCIES

### Lord and Lady Aberdeen

(The Queen's Canadian Representatives)

Loyally Welcomed by Loyal S. A. Forces Throughout the Western Province by an Address of Welcome, to which His Excellency Replies in a most Fitting and Enthusiastic Manner, on the Steps of Winnipeg's City Hall.

BY J. R.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are certainly true friends to God's great S. A., and admirers of its organization, principles, and doctrines. We had read of the practical assistance rendered by His Excellency, and of his sound words when speaking at one of the General's meetings in Scotland, previous to his coming to Canada. Long ago we had become acquainted with Her Excellency's devotion to all kinds of good work, and no wonder that S. A. folk living in Winnipeg were only too eager to welcome them in the Prairie City. On the night of their arrival, a good crowd of happy, ununiformed Salvationists, headed by the Winnipeg S. A. band, took their appointed place on Main Street. We carried a huge transparency.

1ST SIDE.

SALVATION ARMY WELCOMES  
THE  
GOVERNOR GENERAL  
AND  
LADY ABERDEEN.

2ND SIDE.

THE  
GREAT NORTH-WEST  
PRAYS FOR YOU.

1ST END.

FEAR GOD.

2ND END.

HONOR THE KING!

The next day, on the steps of the beautiful City Hall, three addresses were presented to His Honor and Lady Aberdeen from the City Council, St. Patrick's Society, and the Salvation Army. Very kindly indeed did His Excellency reply to our welcome, as the following cutting, from the Free Press of September 28th, goes to prove:—

His Excellency said: "I am very much gratified at receiving this demonstration of kindness and welcome, and good will from the Salvation Army. The address already handed to me, and of which you have just now given the substance, is certainly, though brief, a declaration which contains all that one would wish to see in any such utterance."

"Having for a good many years past had some opportunities of observing the ministrations and operations of the Salvation Army, I can assure you I have long had a thorough conviction that these operations are for the glory of God, and therefore for the good of mankind, indeed it is now tolerably well ascertained by any one wanting to know the work, that it is not only of a most earnest character, but of the most far-reaching and thorough description. I wish to take this opportunity of joining with you in these expressions of congratulation and good wishes which have been called forth by the visit of General Booth to this continent. I have had the advantage and pleasure of some years' acquaintance with General Booth, and like everyone else who has heard or met that remarkable man, I join with you in earnest good wishes that he may be long spared to be at the head of this great and remarkable movement. I again offer you my best wishes for your success in the best sense of the word, and I am sure the more the Salvation Army is known, the more it will be regarded with confidence and approval quite apart from the question of individual views on particular forms of worship and devotion."

After His Excellency had finished, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Schultze came across and presented Major and Mrs. Read, Ensign and Mrs. Rawlings, and Capt. Shee, the officers forming the Army's delegation, to their Excellencies, who heartily shook hands with each representative.

We wish our readers could have heard the fervent words and seen the happy looks on the faces of Her Majesty's representatives.

## C. O. P. NOTES.

The Musical Troupe have completed another tour, blessed to the salvation of souls. Especially, it has done well. The impetus that has been given to our work in many places will prove of lasting benefit.

For kindness and hospitality, Canada breaks the record; the attention and love shown has been very marked, and hundreds of friends have been made.

Our Brigadier has been present at many of the meetings, and by concertina, violin and singing, helped us all possible. Every member, from our colored comrade to little Annie, has worked like a Trojan.

The event of the month is the visit of our beloved General to Lindsay on the 17th of this month. We are hoping hundreds of our people and friends will drive into Lindsay for that night meeting.

Our General will arrive at the depot at 6 p.m. We hope that every church bell will peal out a chime of welcome. Farmers for miles around will drive in to give our devoted leader a just welcome. God bless our leader! He is the grandest and best loved man in the world to-day.

Ensign Dowell is in the building line and is busy re-building his barracks at BRACEBRIDGE. Unfortunately, the whole structure came down in the operation. Our friends at Bracebridge will help him out, and he will get there all right. Ensigns May and Hammond are travelling.

We are glad to welcome our dear comrade, Major Campbell, from his wedding trip. We hear that he went and joined them at Dundas for the night meeting, and they would like him to repeat the visit. Our comrades at

Bowmanville are anxious for another visit also. God bless the Major!

Sick and wounded collections are taken up the first Sunday afternoon in every month.

Captain Sims has done nobly for Harvest Festival at Aurora and Newmarket. His was home, "Bully," kept up bravely. He left his target far behind.

Will every officer be sure and mention the coming sale of work from the platform, and ask all our friends to do something for that effort. Every officer can do something, and every friend will be glad to help the corps by working or making something that will sell. All hands will be needed to make it a success. Mrs. de Barritt, with Ensign Turner to help, share the arrangements in hand.

Souls, souls, souls, must be the end of every meeting. I always notice that folks who go for souls get them. Let us go for them all the time.

Mr. Oliver, of Newmarket, is a true friend of the Army. I spent a very happy time with him.

We require more love for God, for each other, and precious souls. Some folks I meet appear to be in a bad way in this direction, and need a baptism of love. Thank God, they can get it. Some lack unkind words, and evidence of an unkind heart, and the anti-dote, or specific, is a heart clean and pure and filled with love. Our General recommends the reading of I Cor. xiii., and we heartily say amen.

We had a real top-of-war at Tyrone, and, thank God, we finished on the top with souls in the fountain.

Mrs. de Barritt has been on a fortnight's tour, and reports scenes of blessing. Her returning strength in an unexpressed joy to us. She has the faculty of leaving great blessings behind her. More than ever we need work that has root and stay about it.

We have therefore arranged a series of revival services in the city during the next few months, to start at the Temple.

The Press have helped us quite a deal.



**TWO WEEKS.**

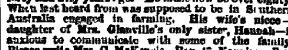
Many thanks for the dollar received by Mrs. Booth  
from O.E.W., for the League of Mercy.

**A WORTHY**  
(Excerpt from a post card postcard)  
"I make it a rule

## 'A HAPPY CHRISTIAN.'

as far as Fort William, where we met the

\*\*\*\*\*



Salvationists and Friends, Attention! — We provide only the best coal, hard and soft wood, and kindling, at reasonable prices with satisfactory weight and measurement. Our yard, even now, is small for our increasing business, and consequently we have no room for "cheap stuff." Prompt delivery is one of our specialties. Phone 761. Salvation Army Coal and Wood Yard, cor. Wilton Ave. and Victoria St.





TUNE—Bless our Army. (B.J. 45, 51, or 121.)

1 Warriors of Jehovah's Army,  
To your God and flag be true,  
March against the hosts of darkness,  
God shall lead you safely through—  
You shall conquer  
Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue.

Take your stand against the legions  
Of the mighty hosts of sin;  
If you follow Christ, your Leader,  
Mighty victories you shall win;  
In the Army,  
Soldiers, keep your garments clean!

List! the trumpeters are sounding!  
To the battle, march away!  
With the armor of salvation  
You shall surely win the day;  
Christ your Captain,  
You shall conquer 'neath His sway.  
CAPT. BARBARA WILSON.

TUNE—Tell it again.

2 Into a barracks a prodigal came,  
His heart full of sorrow, his face flushed  
As he thought to his Lord he had been an  
untrue,  
Who He for his soul so much wanted to do.

CHORUS.

Come home again, come home again,  
Your Lord loves you still, so come home  
again;  
He waits to restore you, His favor you'll gain,  
Your Lord loves you still, so come home  
again.

Once you were happy in serving your God,  
In following the pathway which for you He  
trod,  
Delighting to share in His suffering and cross,  
Counting naught that for Him you could do  
any loss.

You've regretted the step which took you  
from His side,  
O'er your sinful backsliding you often have  
cried;  
But do your "first works" here, and then  
without doubt  
He'll save, o'er for ever your light will go  
out.

2nd CHORUS.

I'll come home again, I'll come home again,  
I know He'll forgive me, I'll come home  
again;  
Here and now He'll restore me, His smile I'll  
regain,  
I know He'll forgive me, I'll come home again.  
BLANCHIE READ.

TUNE—There's a better way, there's a cross-  
ing day.

3 Just listen a moment, I've something to  
say,  
You're looking for pleasure, I'll tell you the  
way:  
I found out the secret a few years ago,  
And now I am anxious that others should  
know.

CHORUS.

There's a better way, there's a brighter way  
Than the broad way of sin;  
If you wish to be happy, let the Saviour come  
in.

For years did I wander along sin's dark road,  
I tried to get pleasure, a stranger to God;  
The sweet for a moment, the follies of sin,  
They left disappointment and sadness within.

Then God all the folly of sin brought to  
view,  
I cried, "I'm a sinner, Lord, what must I  
do!"

At last to the fountain for sin did I go,  
And joy in my soul like a river did flow.

The world, flesh, and devil, should all three  
unite  
They cannot compare with a soul filled with  
light;  
In health and in sickness, in sunshine and  
rain,

The joys of salvation are always the same.

And when to the valley and shadow we go,  
The presence of Jesus will drive the last foe;  
His joys still our portion, triumphant we'll  
rise,  
And shout, "Hallelujah! I'm off to the  
skies."

MAJOR BADGE.

## "To the Front! The Cry is Ringing."

—THE COMMANDANT.

## "BLOOD AND FIRE."

—Our Motto.

"Warriors of the Bleeding Lamb,  
Army of salvation,  
Spread the fame of Gilead's Balm,  
Conquer every nation.  
Raise the glorious standard higher,  
Strike for victory, never tire,  
Onward march with Blood and Fire,  
And win the world for Jesus."

—Old Battle Song.

## Hallelujah Again and Again!!!

Cry out and shout, oh ye Salvationists, for the Lord is in the  
midst of us

— MIGHTY TO SAVE! —

THE prayers of the saints are being answered. A Niagara of blessing  
attends the General's Great Campaign. All classes throng to the  
Standard of Blood and Fire.

# THE GENERAL THE GENERAL THE GENERAL

Has now only to visit

PORT HOPE (afternoon), - - - - - October 17th  
LINDSAY (night), - - - - - October 17th  
PETERBORO (afternoon and night), - - - - - October 18th

Before passing across to the U.S.A.

(THE GENERAL'S next meeting in Canada will  
be at VICTORIA, on JANUARY 2nd, D. Y.)

## COMMANDANT

— AND —

## MRS. BOOTH

WILL BE PRESENT.

## COLONEL LAWLEY,

The General's A.D.C. in many of the marvellously successful Con-  
tinental campaigns in the old world, will be there.

A Huge Staff of Officers will be in Attend-  
ance, including STAFF-CAPT. MALAN,  
the Italian Guitarist; CAPTAIN TAYLOR,  
Correspondent of the British "War Cry,"  
and Many Other Celebrities.

\* Oh, send another Pentecost,  
\* Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
\* Quicken Thy saints, bring home the lost,  
\* Revive Thy work again.

OH, FOR A REVIVAL THAT WILL FILL EVERY CANADIAN PLACE OF WORSHIP WITH  
WEeping SUPPLICANTS FOR PARDON!

TUNE—Will you go. (B.J. 11, or 102.)

4 Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,  
Come away, come away,  
The Saviour now will give you rest,  
Come away, come away;  
Oh, come, for time is passing on,  
Your chances all will soon be gone,  
Come now while Jesus bids you come,  
Come away, come away.

The fountain still is open wide,  
Come away, come away,  
It gushes from the Saviour's side,  
Come away, come away;  
He died that you might be forgiven,  
That you might dwell with Him in heaven,  
For you His precious side was given,  
Come away, come away.

Dear Saviour, I am coming now,  
Right away, right away,  
Humbly I seek forgiveness now,  
Right away, right away;  
And though a sinner I have been,  
I come to Thee with all my sin,  
Whose blood doth make the vilest clean,  
Cleanse me now,  
BEN BRYAN, Bradford.

TUNE—The Chariot, the Chariot, its wheels roll  
in fire.

5 The General! the General! God has  
come, we pray,  
An saint, here, victor, we hail thee to-day;  
With wondrous success, Jehovah in  
crowned thee,  
His goodness, His mercy for ever attend  
thee.

The Army! the Army! 'twill conquer the  
world,  
The blood-and-fire banner is ever unfurled;  
Its soldiers and officers upward have led  
The highway of holiness, heaven, and God.

The WAR CRY! the WAR CRY! we hear it  
right well,  
It warns wretched sinners of judgment and  
hell;  
It urges them all to come under the Blood,  
And promises pardon and cleansing from God.  
MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—Scatter seeds of kindness. (B.J. 21 or  
142.)

6 Sinner, listen, it is the Saviour  
Who is calling now for thee;  
On the Cross He paid the ransom,  
Dying there for you and me.  
It is finished, all is finished,  
And the world may now go free,  
For thy pardon now I've purchased  
On the Cross of Calvary.

CHORUS.

Come, sinner, come to Jesus,  
Come, sinner, come to Jesus,  
Come, sinner, come to Jesus,  
He is calling now for thee.

Why then tarry any longer,  
Waiting precious years in sin;  
Come away to Christ, your Saviour,  
He in love will take you in.  
He will cleanse and make you happy,  
Take away the guilt of yore,  
Give you joy instead of sorrow,  
Courage, too, instead of fear.

Don't delay a moment longer,  
Time is swiftly passing by;  
Soon the day of death will find us,  
And then all will have to die.  
Have to leave these worldly pleasures,  
Have to cross the chilling tide;  
Are you ready then, poor sinner?  
You for whom the Saviour died.  
LIEUT. CHATFIELD.

TUNE—Gird on the armor.

7 In the war is our delight,  
And we fight with all our might,  
For our Saviour He has saved us from our  
sin;  
We will tell to all around  
The salvation we have found,  
And we mean to always serve our blood  
King.

CHORUS.

We'll march for the Saviour, our master we'll  
play,  
We'll talk upon the corner, no matter what  
they say;  
And we'll let the people know, whenever  
we may go,  
That we're fighting for King Jesus.

On the street we'll shout and sing,  
And we'll sinners to Him bring,  
For our loving Saviour died for every one;  
All the drunkards, they may come,  
And the runaway every one,  
For my Saviour He will freely take them in.

B. A. TON.—Our Tea Department now can supply  
pure Oyster Stew, the most delicious in the world, to be  
following blends: "Jubilee," 50c., etc. and 50c. for  
pound, black or mixed; "Japan Tea," 50c. and 50c. for  
pound, etc. per pound. All these packed in neat paper  
bags of one half or one full pound, with descriptive  
labels. Order direct, or through your Dealer.

# WA

AND OFFICIAL

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BRIGADIER JACOBS